

SUES FOR CHILDREN; BALKS AT DIVORCE

Hubert F. Breitweiser Says
Wife's Trip to Germany
Broke Up His Home.

AMERICA "TOO PROSAIC"

An application for a writ of habeas corpus before Supreme Court Justice Whitaker yesterday revealed a plea by Hubert F. Breitweiser, assistant treasurer of the New York Mortgage and Security Company, that his wife is preventing him from seeing his children because he has refused to permit her to divorce him in Reno, Nev. The children are Hubert, 9, and Barbara, 7 years old. Breitweiser alleges that his wife, Leonora Breitweiser, is restraining the children at the home of her father, Henry Leonsky, head of the National Chemical Company and secretary of the Columbus Trust Company, 48 East Sixty-ninth street.

They were married on November 8, 1909, when the petitioner was young attorney, and lived together until eight months ago. The petitioner says his wife then left their home at New Rochelle and took the children with her. Her father told him she had gone West and in September he got a letter from a Reno attorney advising him that his wife had determined to take up a residence there and inquiring what he intended to do about it. Breitweiser didn't intend to do anything, so he kept silent. Albert R. Leonsky, a lawyer and brother of Mrs. Breitweiser, then called on the petitioner and told him that if he would agree to a divorce Mrs. Breitweiser would bring the children back to New York and there would be no further trouble.

Breitweiser says he still refused to consider a divorce and in October his wife returned here. She permitted him to see his son and daughter a few times, but in November she told him they would be kept from him in the future. He has sent a number of books to the children with his name written on the fly leaves, but that his wife cut out the name and told the children the books came from their aunt.

Breitweiser says he lived happily with his wife until she took a trip through Europe with her sister, who lives at Bonn, Germany. The trip lasted from March, 1912, to May, 1913. "From the moment of my wife's return the only things that interested her were Europe and its male inhabitants," says Breitweiser. "It became apparent to me that she had an extensive acquaintance there, as she exchanged many letters and pictures, and nothing in America was good enough for her. All her talk was of Europe. She said she found New Rochelle too prosaic after Europe."

CANNED SALMON STIRS RIOT.

Food Shortage in Montefiore Home
Lands 22 in Court.

Monday's snowstorm prevented the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, 410 Hill road and Bainbridge avenue, from getting its usual supply of meat for the week. As a result, the superintendent, James C. Goodrich, was forced on Tuesday night to feed the patients and other employees on canned salmon. As a result, there was an incident not last night at the home which ended in a hurry call for the police and a session in the night court.

Twenty-two of the poor, Polish and Russian Jews, invaded the superintendent's office Tuesday night to object to being fed on salmon. They became disorderly and were ejected from the office, and yesterday they learned that they were to be discharged. Accordingly last evening they marched in upon Mr. Goodrich again and began to threaten him. The disturbance they raised alarmed the patients in the ward and there threatened to be a panic.

HOLDS GIRL WAS A SUICIDE.

Coroner Wagner of Brooklyn So
Decides in Miss Gibson's Case.

Sitting without a jury yesterday, Coroner Ernest C. Wagner of Brooklyn decided after listening to conflicting evidence as to how Jeanette Bartram Gibson, nineteen-year-old daughter of William H. Gibson, met her death last Friday night that she committed suicide, as at first reported. This decision leaves the police of all responsibility. The result angered Mr. Gibson, who said: "What good is that fellow Deegan in comparison with my witnesses?"

70 BOYS ARRESTED IN SUBWAY.

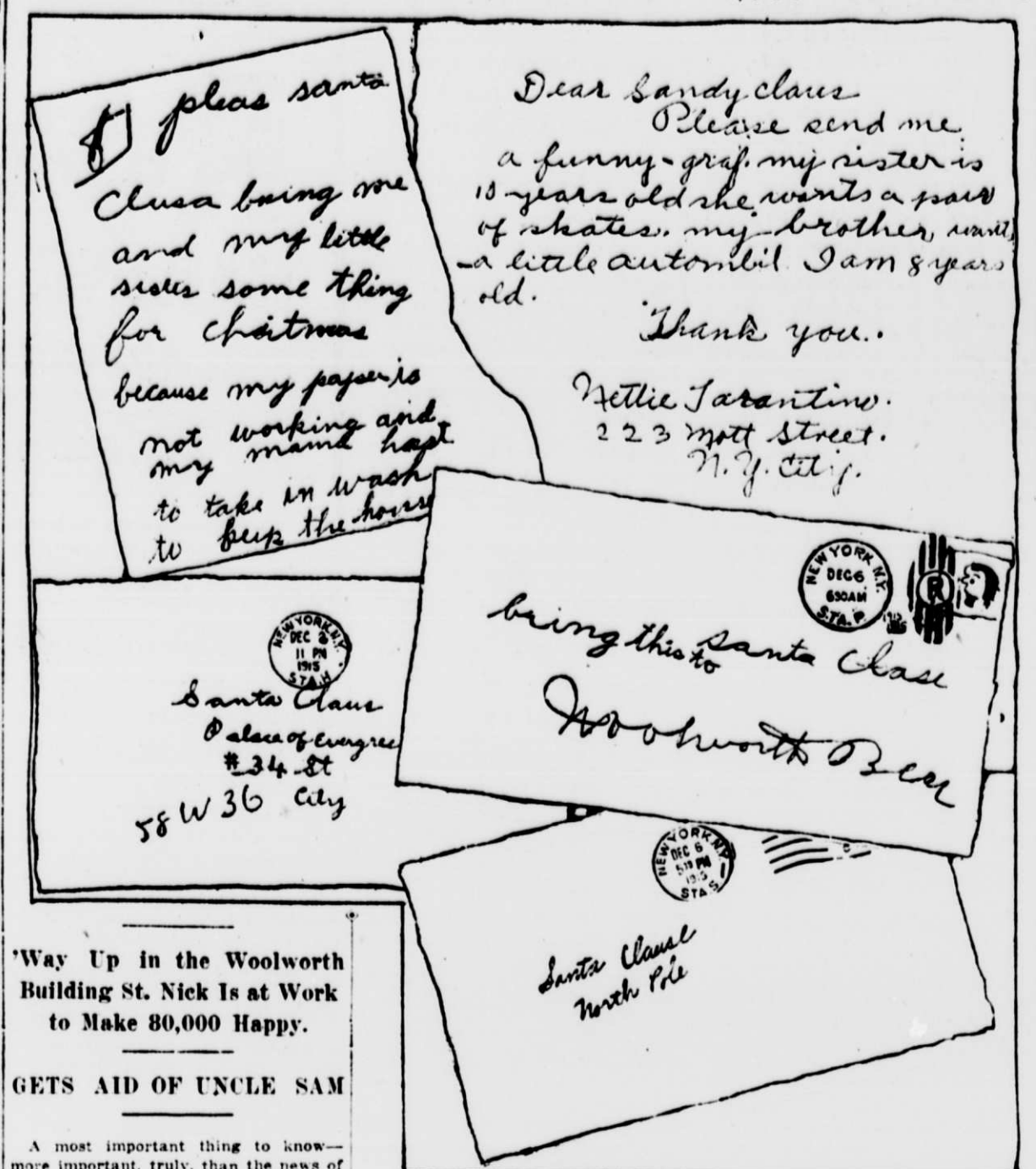
Special Officers After Youths Who
Beat Way.

Efforts of Interborough special officers to stop mischievous high school students from rushing through the entrances to subway and elevated platforms without dropping tickets have resulted during the last month in seventy arrests. Max Fromm, 15, of 154 Stanton street, and Louis Jankovitz, 14, of 70 East 117th street, both students at the De Witt Clinton High School, were arraigned before Justice Collins in the Children's Court yesterday and charged at 4 o'clock in lieu of paying \$1 fine each.

Three Killed At Crossing.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 15.—Ell Brier, his little daughter and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred Brier, of Danbury, were killed to-night when their sleigh struck on a grade crossing and was hit by a Boston express.

OLD MAN SANTA CLAUS'S OFFICE FOUND PILED UP HIGH WITH 12,000 LETTERS



Samples of letters sent to Santa Claus.

A most important thing to know—more important, truly, than the news of great battles, because it touches on warm heartedness and not cruelty—is that Old Man Santa Claus is hard at work high up in the Woolworth Building preparing to make 80,000 children perfectly happy on Christmas morning, children who would awaken otherwise to all of the bitter disappointment that empty stockings bring to the little people.

The story tellers have always been fond of picturing Old Man Santa as starting somewhere near Pearyville, at the North Pole, on Christmas eve, and racing, with a great jingle of bells and whip snapping over fleet reindeer, to the North Pole, at the actual moment, maybe they were right, but this Sun is absolutely certain that the jolly old person can be found to-day and every day thereafter until Christmas in his own office on the twenty-ninth floor of the Woolworth Building, head of heels at work among eluding typewriters, a staff of secretaries, great heaps of letters from kiddies, card index files and many of the other essentials of a modern up-to-date business office.

Of course, he may be able to hurry northward so as to be at the pole on Christmas eve for the actual reindeer drive to all points south, for Santa is a wonderful person who can do, as every child knows, and every grown-up ought to know, perfectly impossible things; but the world grows so fast, and so many new problems must be solved every year that Santa has found it necessary to adopt scientific business methods to keep even with the times and make certain that no kiddie is overlooked.

Wonders If He'll Miss Her.

Muriel Gajick of 325 East Seventy-fourth street did not forget, however, she wrote to "Santa Claus, Palace of Evergreens, City."

"I am wondering if you are going to miss me by this is the first Christmas I am able to understand and I would so like to wake up Christmas morning and find you had left me a few things. Mama will not be able to buy me Christmas presents because we are too poor. I have not got any toys and I want a pair of shoes, size 4 so I can walk better and I want a warm coat you have never been to our house but my mama says you will come someday. I hope I have not asked too much."

"And now," said Mr. Gluck, "look at this one, which is really six letters, five from the children of one family and one from their mother."

"Dear Santa Claus: I am a girl of 10 years and am very poor. I would like to ask you if you will bring me some clothes as my mama cannot afford to buy me any I have two sisters be- fore and two brothers they are younger than I. This is my sister."

"Dear Santa Claus: I am a child of Christ and would like to tell you I need shoes and a new dress as my mama is very poor and my papa did not work three weeks. I will have no Christmas dinner if you will not give me any."

"And finally," said Mr. Gluck, "the mother letter."

"Josephine Oddo, 10 years; Joseph Oddo, 8 years; Jimmie Oddo, 6 years; Sarah Oddo, 3 years; Mary Oddo, 1 year. Dear Santa Claus, if one of you would like to have one of these children to adopt I will give it away. Mrs. Oddo, 400 East Sixty-third street."

"My dear Santa Claus—Will you be so kind and bring me something. I will tell you what I want. I want a cat or something what you think is best for you. I have nobody but my big sister and she has been ill for a long time. Last year the girls had your address and I said please let me see it and they did not want to so they began to make fun of me so that I began to cry but as I was walking [walking] this year I found your address and was so glad that I did not know what to do but then it came when I was sad because my poor pussy died. That is all I have to right but please don't forget me. My name is Rose Stoffa and I live at 434 East 75 street. good-bye."

A True Realist.

Another youngster set forth an interesting array of hopes, exhibiting the soul of a true realist:

"Dear Santa Claus—I want a little horse and grocery wagon and I want a grocery store with apples and oranges, strawberries and a bag of lemons drops and I want a shoemaker store? Who will make me shoes? and a real man making shoes with shoe polish and nobs for the bottom of the shoes he makes Santa Claus? Would you give a two submarine a box of soldiers and a small bag of bullets? Owen Patterson, 659 Amsterdam avenue, between 93 and 94 street, N. Y. City."

Mrs. McNerny of 531 West Fifty-seventh street wrote to Santa that she has five children, from 1 to 15 years of age; that she was out of work; "I would not trouble you if I could get two or three days a week," her letter said, "and you know what that means among seven children each. We, as an association, pay all of the postage due to Uncle Sam and the postage necessary in bringing the gifts to the children. All we ask from the public is a little help in the way of clearing off the \$3,000 debt left over from the last two years. We don't want any help for this year. We merely would like to avoid running more deeply into debt."

Mr. Gluck reached into a pile of letters and selected one addressed to "Santa Claus, North Pole." As he read it he winked toward the closed door which, the reporter for THE SUN was quite sure, concealed the portly figure and jolly red face of Santa himself. One felt instinctively that the merry old rascal was eavesdropping.

"This," said Mr. Gluck, "is from Nellie Tarantino of 223 Mott street."

"Dear Santa Claus: Please send me a funny-graf, my sister is 10 years old she wants a pair of skates and my brother a little automobile. I am eight years old."

"It is too bad," continued Santa's general manager, "that many of the kiddies forget to put down their address and so, of course, we are helpless to do anything for them. Listen to this, for example."

"Santa please Santa Claus bring me and my little sister something for Christmas because my mama cannot afford to buy me anything and my mama has to take in wash to keep the house."

"No address and no signature," said Mr. Gluck, "isn't it too bad?"

TOM MERRY CHEERS AS HE DOLES BREAD

Dick Bright Also Is Joyful Again When He Feeds the Hungry in Prince Street.

A short and rotund gentleman peered merrily out at a somewhat cynical public through this latticework of type and said: "How do you do?" Then he laughs so merrily that all the letters destined to go into this sentence kick their legs right up in a mad dance, and the result is this: a t a x h m p a b l e b l—whereupon the typesetter says something under his breath that can't be printed, and we introduce, ladies and gentlemen, Tom Merry.

"Speech!" cries the public.

Mr. Merry at this point kicks his head clear through the lines of type and bows to the right and left, scattering the letters this way and that in the excess of his merriment. a t a x h m p a b l e b l

At this point a careful listener may, if he listens carefully, hear a most peculiar noise.

Through the general commotion Tom Merry was observed turning back and shouting to an unseen companion: "Now, then, throw me one of those rusty bits. That's right; and now a u; good; and a couple of f's; now an a; and another h. There we are—HURRAH! Now, Dick, fill your pockets with plenty of type for bread, good cheer and charity; take a firm hold on that HURRAH on this line just above your head, and up with you; there you are, gentlemen, Dick Bright."

"I'd like to propose," says Mr. Bright, still holding on tight to the "HURRAH," "three cheers for the Bread Line."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouts Tom Merry.

"And if I may be excused the liberty, if it is a liberty, three more for that very good fellow Robert Kanner, who started the bread line."

"And who to-day sent in a 100 check for more bread for all jobless men?" chimed in Tom.

"Yes," agrees Dick, "and three more for M. W. N., who sent in one for \$25, and three more with a tiger for Henry Wolcott, who sent in one for \$2."

"All together, Dick," says Tom, and right through these black and sombre lines of cheerless type come three such jolly cheers that every letter on the page ought to dance and tremble with the vibration.

"Now, Dick Bright," continues Mr. Merry, "what are we here for?"

"That's right. To give it out as we did yesterday afternoon from 2 Prince street the cheery poor wretch who is hungry enough to eat a firm hold on that HURRAH on this line just above your head, and as long as the good readers of THE SUN feel that the giving of bread deserves their contributions."

Private Banker Is Exonerated.

Hyman Werner, a private banker, formerly of the firm of Polow-Mogilowsky & Werner, at 391 Grand street, was acquitted yesterday before Judge Malone in General Sessions of a violation of law in accepting a bribe of \$27,000, the failure of the firm owed \$27,000, but Werner has reduced the liabilities to \$17,000 since the failure, which was September 29, 1908.

DOING THINGS WELL

There is a switchman who regulates the street car traffic at one of the most crowded crossings in this city, and who has the reputation of being the best man in the business. His is the humble calling of wig-wagging with a soiled red flag on a stick, but this does not prevent him from making a real job out of it.

Whatever success we have achieved has been due, not to any mysterious access to favor, but solely to the fact that our zeal for hard, conscientious work burns with an intense, earnest, steady glow.

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PRIEST LAYS WAR TO DARWIN IN SCHOOLS

Tells Catholic Women Militarism Is Developed by Evolution Theory.

HITS AT PACIFISTS ALSO

The Rev. Joseph H. McMahon denounced yesterday the public schools of the United States for teaching evolution, which through the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, he said, led directly to that militarism of which Bernhardi is the exponent. Father McMahon was speaking at Belmont to an audience of women on "Catholicism and War" in the series of lectures under the auspices of the Catholic Library Association.

"Militarism," he declared, "is the result of that material philosophy which has had the world in its grip for three-quarters of a century. Look in the text books the children of this country study, and see there the principles of evolution, the admission of the law of the jungle, out of which Bernhardi built his theory that 'war is a biological necessity.' The lessons of the present war should make the United States see that our school books are wiped clean of evolution."

"That is one phase of the materialism that leads to war. Another is the people engaged in the manufacture of armaments. The scandals of which we have read, in connection with such manufacture, the scandals exposed in the courts, are enough to show its evil."

"Still another phase of materialism is the attitude of the military class, an attitude which makes war an end in itself. Who does not remember how the yellow press added in hurrying this country into war with Spain."

"It is shameful," Father McMahon added, "that for the sake of the concentrated in camp in Cuba the United States fought a war, just as for the sake of the concentrated it refuses to go to war with Mexico."

The speaker said that the advocates of "peace at any price" were both pathetic and ludicrous in the eye of the Catholic Church.

"Too proud to fight" has a pagan source," he declared. "We hear of meekness in Christianity, but not of pride. And a State's pride should be in the protection of its citizens against aggression."

But the speaker saved this bit for President Wilson by some words of praise for the latter's stand in regard to the winking of the Lusitania and the Arizona.

"It is much to the credit of the President," he said, "that he denounced the murder of the innocent civilians in the sinking of these ships, for that was not war; it was murder, a direct violation of the Fifth Commandment. War, which when undertaken in defense of moral right is considered by the Catholic Church to be right, should be fought according to the teachings of the Ten Commandments. A great commander has said that 'War is hell.' That is true, for hell is God's assertion of His moral right to compel justice with force."

The Pope, the speaker declared, did not assume to arbitrate in matters outside his jurisdiction or to interfere between nations, but the teaching of the Catholic Church was clear in justifying war when it was necessary to defend the innocent and to punish the guilty."

"War for the expansion of territory is immoral, nor does the plea of carrying civilization into another country justify force. The Church denounces the gospel of 'killing' long ago, as it denounces it now."

"On the one hand we hear people exclaiming, 'shouting' and 'shouting' the horrible atrocities which are clearly outside the rules of war, exclaiming then on the ground that 'war is hell.' On the other hand we read that the use of poisoned gas is justified by the conventions of The Hague. I do not think all the Powers signed that agreement, and in any case I cannot see why the use of poisoned gas is more than the hurling of high explosives."

Concerning the apparent anomaly of Catholic soldiers fighting from opposing trenches, Father McMahon said that the duty of the Catholic is to obey his country so long as it is not obviously in the wrong.

"And how is a private citizen to know?" he asked. "Often he cannot, so frequently the government intentionally misleads its people, and while the truth is known in the newspaper press it is not revealed. The citizen can but trust and obey his government unless it is too obviously wrong."

"And the mistakes of the pacifist, who declares, 'war should never be declared, war is in forgetting that while the individual has an immortal soul, and should seek perfection first of all, the State is but an instrument, and it would be perfectly in the State to seek perfection at the cost of justice to its people.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Samuel G. Blythe

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The Fifth Ace and Fenella, the romance of a fascinating sick gambler and a rich young American girl in Florence, by Joseph Hergesheimer.

The Dub, a Wall Street story of a young man who became as crooked as his boss, by Maximilian Foster.

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Christmas Sense

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